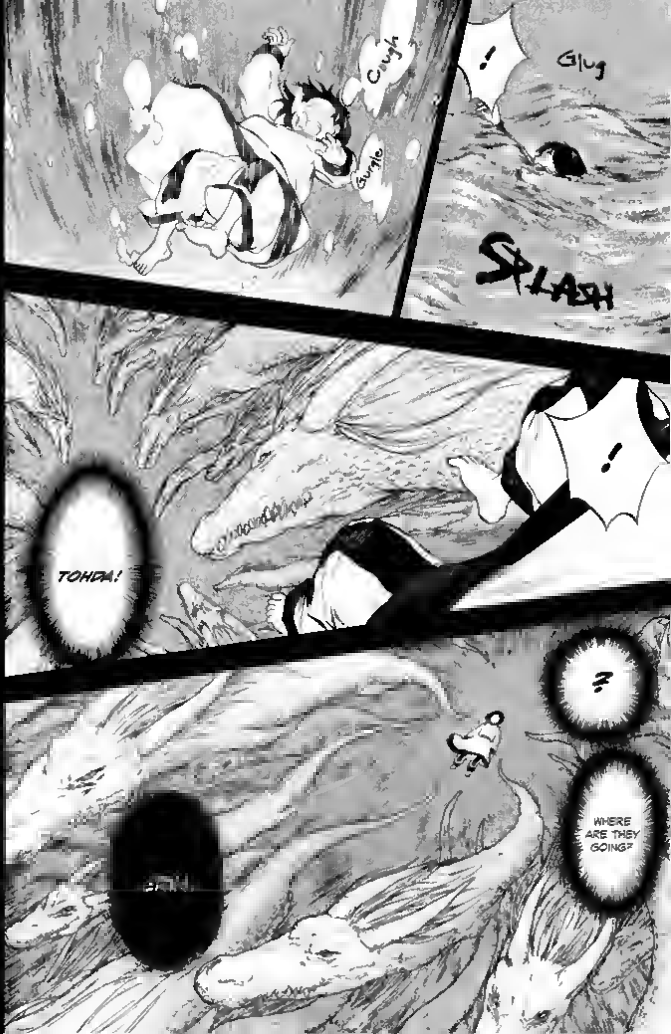
!
Slosh
Slosh
Throb
Throb
Throb
HURTS.
IT HURTS.
BRIN.
MOTHER?
MOTHER...
Slosh
Silence
MOTHER!!


Cough
Gurgle
!
Glug
SPLASH
!
TOHDA!
?
WHERE ARE THEY GOING?

MOTHER?!
GO.
ERIN.

MOTHER!
Chapter 1, part 1
The Child Washed Ashore

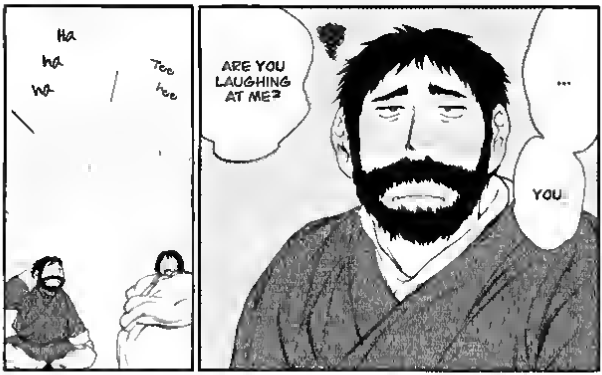
NOOOO!
NOOOO!
THERE, THERE.
JUST A DREAM.
IT'S ALL RIGHT.

YOU'RE ONLY DREAMING.
NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF.
Pat
Pat
22222
22222

Chirp
Chirp
Shift
...
Bend
?

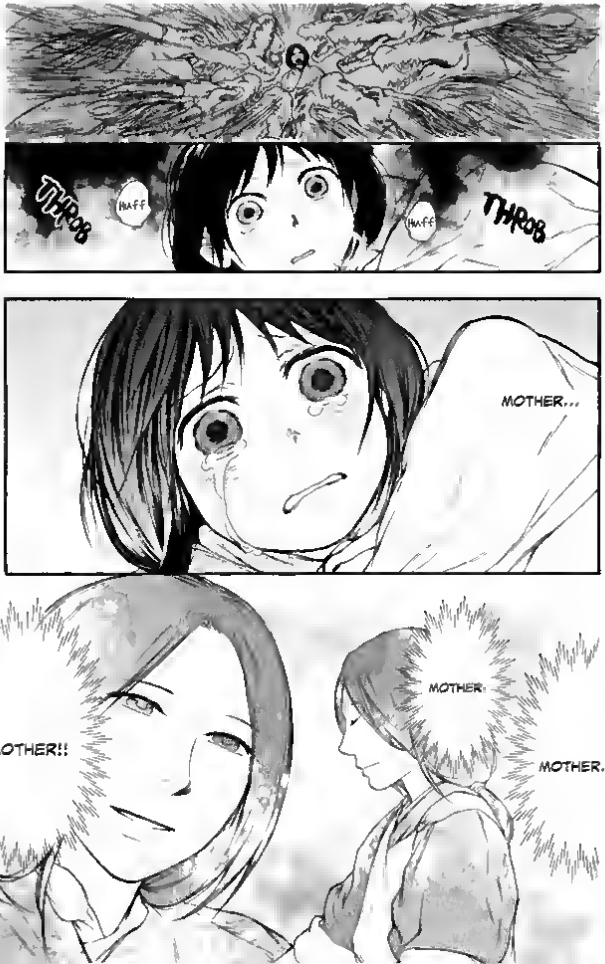
Tumble
Lean
!
Wham
WH-
WHAT?
OW, OW, OW

HEE...
...

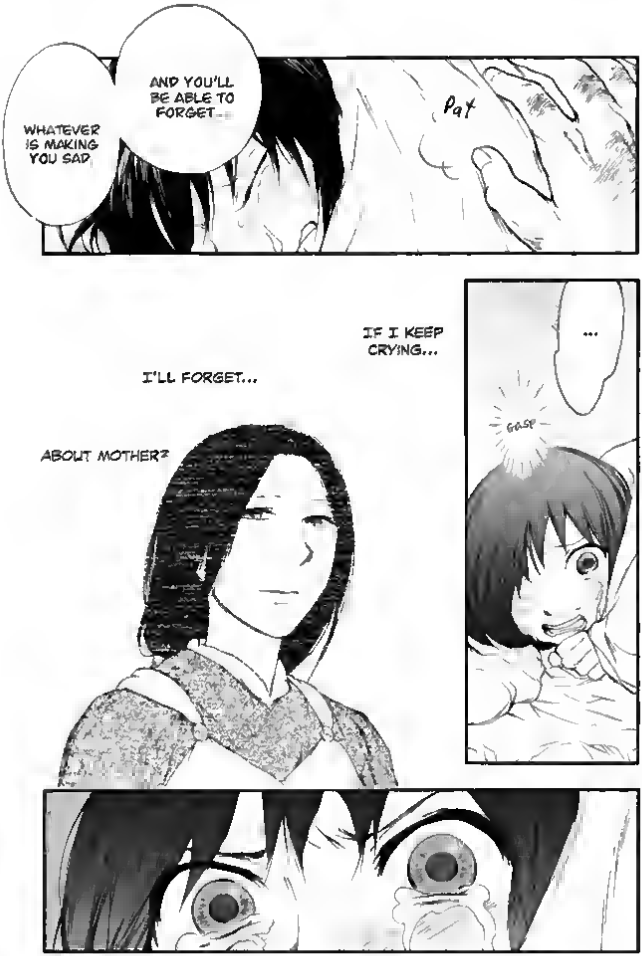

Ha
ha
ha
hee
hee
ARE YOU LAUGHING AT ME?
...
YOU

IS THE PAIN BETTER?
YOU LOOK HALE
I SEE YOUR FEVER'S GONE DOWN

SHOW ME THE ABRASIONS ON YOUR LEGS
I SEE
Nod
THEY'RE NOT SO SWOLLEN NOW
I'D SAY YOU'LL GET BETTER IN NO TIME
Thump
BUT YOU CAME BACK
YOU NEARLY DIED,
YOU'RE VERY LUCKY,
YOU KNOW


THROB
HAFF
HAFF
THROB
MOTHER...
MOTHER!!
MOTHER.
MOTHER.

UGH...
HIC
SNIFFLE
THE HARDER YOU CRY,
THE BETTER YOU'LL FEEL.
LET IT ALL OUT.

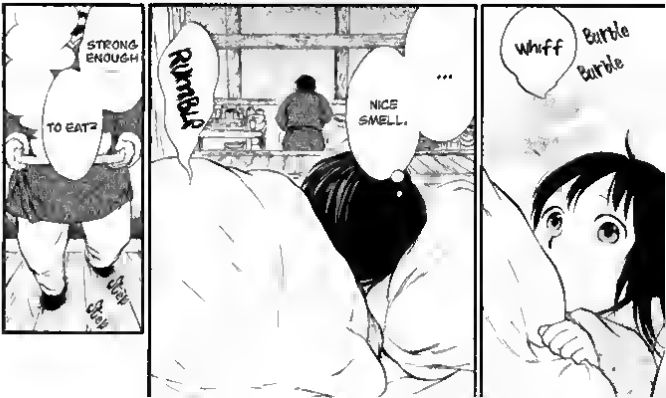

WHATEVER IS MAKING YOU SAD
AND YOU'LL BE ABLE TO FORGET...
Pat
IF I KEEP CRYING...
I'LL FORGET...
ABOUT MOTHER?
...
GASP

I DON'T WANT TO FORGET MOTHER, EVER!

WON'T
CRY
...
I..
WHAT'S WRONG,
HMM?
WHY?
WHAT?
...
...
Sx
Stp
Stp
WELL.

!
WOOM
...
Sniff
Sniff

DIZZY
...
WHAT IF...
IT..
NEVER GOES AWAY?
...
Puff


STRONG ENOUGH
TO EAT?
Click
Clack
Rumble
...
NICE SMELL.
Whiff
Burble
Burble

HERE'S YOUR BREAKFAST.
!!
YUMMMM
DO YOU LIKE IT?
NOD NOD
IT'S GOOD, ISN'T IT?
MY PET BEES... MADE THE HONEY.
THE BEST HONEY IN ALL THE LAND!

AH
WHAT..
IS THIS?
HONEY SOUP.
DELI-CIOUS.
KNEAD IT WITH WATER, AND BAKE IT.
WE MILL IT INTO FLOUR,
THAT'S FAKO, A KIND OF MILLET.
SMELLS GOOD AND TASTES GOOD, NO?
WE EAT IT ALL THE TIME.
DO YOU USUALLY HAVE
IN THE MORNING?
WHAT..
—

YOU...
ARE A WAJAK.
AH.
RICE...
AND BROTH
*A name for tenants of an Arhandom.
PERFECT FOR GROWING RICE.
AND THEY'RE BLESSED WITH PLAINS RICH IN WATER.
ARHANDOMS ARE FAR LARGER THAN THE YOJE'S ESTATE WHERE WE ARE,
IT'S A MOUNTAINOUS LAND,
SO MILLET AND WHEAT ARE EASIER TO GROW HERE THAN RICE.
THAT'S WHY WE EAT FAKO.
WE'RE IN SAN-NOR COUNTY, EAST OF THE YOJE'S ESTATE.
THIS ISN'T...
AN ARHANDOM?

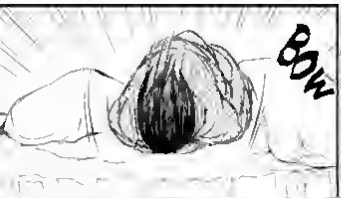
WHERE ARE YOUR PARENTS, CHILD?
YOU DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHERE YOU WERE.
WHY WERE YOU UNCONSCIOUS BY THE LAKESIDE, COVERED WITH MUD?
WHAT HAPPENED?
NO FAMILY?
YOU..
HAVE..

...

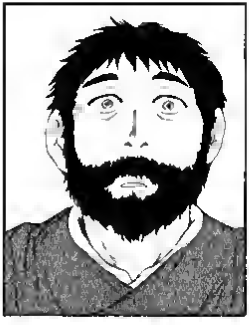
WHAT'S YOURS?
BUT WILL YOU AT LEAST TELL ME YOUR NAME?
MY NAME IS JOH-UN.

NEVER MIND.
IF YOU DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT, I WON'T MAKE YOU

Thump


BOW

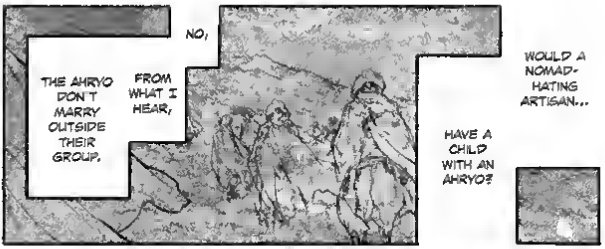
MY NAME IS ERIN



THANK YOU VERY MUCH
FOR SAVING ME.

A FINE NAME
ERIN FOR MOUNTAIN APPLE, EH?

SHE'S NO DAUGHTER OF A NOMAD OR A TRAVELING PERFORMER.
HER POSTURE, HER MANNERS, AND HER CHOICE OF WORDS—
PROBABLY FROM AN ARTISAN FAMILY OR HIGHER.
HER EYES ARE THE COLOR OF THE AHRYO.
WHAT'S AN ARTISAN'S CHILD DOING HERE?
AND...


NO,
THE AHRYO DON'T MARRY OUTSIDE THEIR GROUP.
FROM WHAT I HEAR,
WOULD A NOMAD-HATING ARTISAN...
HAVE A CHILD WITH AN AHRYO?

IS YOUR LIFE STORY?
CHILD,
WHAT...

BOW
NOW THAT YOU'RE RECOVERED,
EAT AS MUCH AS YOU WANT
NO MATTER. I'LL FIND OUT IN TIME.

WELL,
I DIDN'T GET MUCH SLEEP,
SO I'LL CATCH SOME NOW.
YOU SHOULD LIE DOWN, TOO, AND CALL IT A DAY.
the privy is outside the door on your right
I DON'T HEAR THE HERDSMEN'S BELLS—
Sleepy
MMM
OR THE WAILS OF SAJU'S BABY SISTER, EITHER.
Shora—
Roll

THE VILLAGERS...
STOOD THERE AND WATCHED MOTHER DIE.
SHE'S NOT IN THE VILLAGE ANYMORE.

Shake Shake
WHAT SHOULD I DO?
DO I GO BACK--

Thump
GOING TO DO NOW?
Thump
WHAT...
AM I...

MOTHER...